

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. No nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull musick: it is not madnesse
That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your soule,
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unseene: confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these purfie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon begge,
Yea coub and woee for leave to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed;
Assume a vertue if you have it not,
That monster custome, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions faire and good
He likewise gives a frocke or Livery;
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
For use almost can change the stampe of nature,
And master the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest

Prince of Denmark

Ile blessing beg of you: for this
I doe repent, but heaven hath
To punish me with this, and
That I must be their scourge and
I will bestow him, and will an
The death I gave him; so againe
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worse remains
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no means.
Let the blowt King tempt you
Pinch wanton on your cheekes
And let him for a paire of reeces
Or padding in your necke with
Make you to ravell all this matter
That I essentially am not in
But mad in craft; 'twere good
For who that's but Queen, faire
Would from a paddocke, from
Such deare concernings hide
No, in despite of sense and feeling
Unpeg the basket on the house
Let the birds flye, and like the
To try conclusions in the bas
And breake your owne necke.

Ger. Be thou assur'd if we
And breath of life, I have no
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ha. There's letters seal'd,
Whom I will trust as I will
They beare the mandate, they
And marshall me to knavery
For 'tis the sport, to have the
Hoist with his owne petar, and